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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume One | Richmond, California, Friday, July 7, 1933 | Number Twenty Two

Richmond City Council to Review Parr Lease

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Again, because apropos at this time, we reprint part of a "Brief Review of the Parr Terminal Lease" written by Mr. Windrem in 1929.)

It seems that the time is now opportune for a brief consideration of the benefits (?) the city has derived from the Parr lease.

* * *

We are told that on that fatal night when the Council voted to give Mr. Parr the city's waterfront with an established business of thirty to forty thousand dollars per annum, and an inves ment of the people's money of $2,310,000, the Council broke up the meeting and a wild orgy ensued; the members of the council overwhelmed Mr. Parr with expressions of love and affection. It was an incident so full of moving pathos that it would have wrung tears from the eyes of a brass monkey had there been THAT kind of a monkey present.

* * *

All was joyousness; bright visions of factory smokestacks pushing their tall spires toward the sky; thousands of workmen employed at good pay; our stores filled with cash customers; real estate soaring; happy, happy homes; contented people; prosperous merchants; and the industrial dawn of a still brighter day.

* * *

Such were the fond hopes and dreams of our people.

* * *

How have these hopes been fulfilled?

* * *

Nearly three years—or one thousand days and one thousand nights—have dragged their slow lengths across the threshold of eternity since then then and not one promise has been realized. Not one factory chimney will give covering to the etheral blue with its welcome smoke. On the contrary, one of our major factories moved out of the city since then and dismantled its plant, and none have come to take its place. I am not alone in the sad belief that none will come unless, and until, we bring about a change in the present city government and existing conditions.

WHAT IS COMPETITION?

When City Manager McVittie, at the council meeting last Wednesday night, stated that there was no provision in the Parr lease to stop the Parr Company from competing with the City of Richmond, we couldn't help thinking of the wording in the lease of Parr's obligation where it plainly says:

WHEREAS, the Lessor owns or controls certain wharves and harbor facilities in the Port of Richmond located in the outer harbor and inner harbor, respectively, and is desirous of increasing the commerce at said harbors and of inducing as large a number of industries as possible to locate their plants on lands adjoining said harbor, and to that end is desirous of dredging and maintaining a channel at all times of a depth of at least thirty-two (32) feet which will furnish ready ingress to and egress from said harbors and each of them, and which will afford navigable waters at all times for the largest ocean going ships which may desire to pass in and out of said harbor; and to that end is desirous of securing a Lessee for said port and harbor facilities owned or controlled by the Lessor who will operate said harbor and port facilities and will develop as large an amount of commerce as possible which shall pass in and out of said harbor facilities, and who will endeavor to bring to the Port of Richmond as many industries as possible to build their plants and settle upon the lands adjacent to said harbor, and the Lessor is of the opinion that the Parr Terminal Company is specially qualified to accomplish said purposes; and

WHEREAS, said Parr Terminal Company in consideration of the premises aforesaid and of the mutual promises and conditions hereinafter contained is willing to undertake the management and operation of said municipal wharves and harbor facilities;

NOW, THEREFORE, in consideration of the premises and of the mutual promises and conditions herein contained, and of the sum of One Hundred Dollars (100.00) in lawful money of the United States of America in hand paid to the Lessor by the Lessee, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged by the Lessor, the parties do hereby agree as follows:

Now, what do YOU think? It is an admitted fact that the Parr Company has taken away the profitable Standard-Shell-Associated oil business from our Municipal Wharf No. 1 (a part of the now famous "demised premises") and shifted it to their privately controlled Point San Pablo Wharf No. 4. All the city asked the Parr Company to do was to "develop as large an amount of commerce as possible which shall pass in and out of said harbor facilities" (that is, in and out of Wharves Nos. 1, 2, or 3—not in or out of Wharf No. 4, which is not a City wharf, and, indeed, had never been thought of, at that time). Does this look to you as if the Parr interests are keeping faith with the City? Is this competition justified under the lease? Is this the best our Lessee can do for us, after eight years operation of our harbor; and, if so, what may we expect in the future? What do YOU think.

Walter J. Johnson Elected Mayor For the Coming Year

It feels good to see our former mayor, Otto R. Ludewig, back in our city council again. His keen sense and good business judgement are badly needed now. That is not to say that each and every other councilman is not equally powerful and important; but now, if ever, is the time when our city must figuratively tighten up its belt and put its house in order if we are to go forward in step wi h the nation. And Councilman Ludewig's outspoken sincerity will, we believe, result in a world of good to Richmond. Too bad he could not have been named on the powerful finance committee—to which our new mayor, Walter J. Johnson, designated Councilman Scott, Chandler, and Meyer—but there are other important committees, harbor for instance, and maybe he will draw an assignment there.

Mayor Russell Meyer called the meeting to order—and the Progress joins the whole city in paying tribute to him for the manner in which he has acted as our leading citizen for the past two years reflecting credit upon our city. The first business of the evening was the election of our Mayor for the coming year. Former Mayor Mattie Chandler moved, and Councilman Hinkley seconded, the election of Councilman Walter J. Johnson. The vote was 7 affirmative, one negative, and one not voting.

It is only natural that the Point Richmond Progress should look with pride on the elevation of Walter Johnson to the mayoralty. For years and years he lived here with us, his place of business is on the West Side, and the whole city will find him just, fair, impartial and aggressive. Johnson is the type of man who takes far greater interest in the council meetings and business side of the office than in the ceremonial end of the job; and that too, is a valuable thing for the city this year.

By transference from the general fund to the street improvement bond fund (1915 bond act) the city bought in for taxes $10,205.89 worth of property on Tenth Street between Hall Avenue and Fourteenth Street and Second St. between Ohio and Cutting. Let us hope that conditions change so that the city can sell this property and get it on the tax rolls again for, as Mayor Meyer said: "Let us hope the time will never come again when, sitting as a board of equalization, we are forced to take a loss of $1,400,000 in assessed valuation which means a loss of $31,000 in taxes. The council has cut the operating cost $100,000, but the board is faced with a tough problem. I hope we will not be forced to raise taxes, so the city may go forward to better times."

After considerable routine business was transacted by the council, the new members: Sam S. Ripley, Frank E. Tiller, and Otto Ludewig were called upon for brief addresses to which they fittingly replied. Then, Ludewig, referring to a transfer from the general fund to the maintenance fund, elicited the information that the monthly statements which appear each month showing "city profits" from the waterfront does not mean that the city ge.s this money, but on the contrary, it is used to pay for the Parr Terminal wharf whch will be owned by the Parr Co. when the city gets it paid for. Much discussion ensued on this point and it is apparent that while there is a considerable difference of opinion in the council on the harbor situation many are anxious to get more detailed knowledge of the lease and its results; and it is probable that in the near future the entire situation will be reviewed by our city council.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO....

Captain H. P. Lauritzen, Richmond Navigation and Improvement Co. -for having the ability to own and command three sailing vessels which were acknowledged the best in Pacific Coast whaling circles. All this before he was twenty-one years old. And they say, that "Cap" Lauritzen was a "skipper that was a skipper!"

RICHMOND THEATRE

Tonight, July 7, "Frisco Jenny" with Ruth Chatterton, also Bob Steele in "Texas Buddies." Sat. 8, Chester Morris in "Infernal Machine," also Ken Maynard in "Drum Taps." Sun.-Mon., 9-10, Evelyn Knapp, James Murray in "Air Hostess," also "Humanity" with Ralph Morgan, (Sam's Country Store Monday Night). Tues., Wed., 11-12, "Pack Up Your Troubles," with Laurel and Hardy, and "Roosevelt—Man of the Hour." Thurs., Fri., 13-14, Joe E. Brown in "You Said a Mouthful" with Ginger Rogers.

Large Crowd at Democratic Picnic

An AAAA affair— athletes, attorneys, actors and action—fittingly describes the grand Democratic picnic given on the Fourth of July at East Shore Park by Alameda County Democracy. Jimmy Britt, former light-weight champion, led the speaker's program in his rapid-fire delivery of witty stories, and finished with his immortal declamation on "The Kid" which is as famous the world over as DeWolf Hopper's "Casey at the Bat." Sheridan Downey, attorney for the Inman investigation of the Rolph gubernatorial regime, gave some reasons why California should have a Democratic governor in 1934, principal among which was the fact that Governor Rolph's son-in-law, by taking a couple of hours of his time nearly put through a deal for $60,000 per year rental on a new State House in San Francisco (when $25,000 would have been a big price) and on which he would have profited with a salary of $7,500 per year for 25 years. "My, doesn't money come easy to some people, when the taxpayers have to pay."

Frank J. McGlynn, famous actor, impersonator of Abraham Lincoln in John Drinkwater's famous play, was next with an old-time Fourth of July speech; and John Wells, of Sacramento, and John V. Lewis, new Collector of Internal Revenue, wound up the speaking program with resounding pleas for united efforts to restore the government at Sacramento to the people, and go Democratic in 1933.

A varied program of track events, athletic bouts, vocal solos and singing by the Colored Jubilee Singers of Alameda Democracy, dancing and prizes, contributed to a very wonderful time which was had by all.

Fox Theatre

Fox Theatre attractions are: Sun-Mon., July 9-10, "Eagle and the Hawk" with Frederic March, Cary Grant. Tues.-Wed., 11-12, "I Love That Man" Edmund Lowe, Nancy Carroll (Tues.: First Ladies' Glassware Night). Thurs.-Fri., 13-14, "Looking Forward" Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. "Sunset Pass" Tom Keene, Noah Beery.

A SONG OF THE NATATORIUM

Sing a song of excellence
Of joy and civic pride;
Of youth and health and brightened lives
That with us here abide
Thanks to our Natatorium
Dispenser of sport and fun,
That welcome the youth and older—
Second in state to none.
A monument it stands today
To they who ignored defeat;
Who sponsored the bonds through weary years
And again and again were beat.
Let us in Mem'ry's hallowed halls
Forget not he who gave
The site where stands this Gem of gems—
John Nicholl in his grave.
Here's to our House of Refreshment!
May it's open doors long stay
To welcome the tired and jaded
And yield us health and play.

E. B. HALL.

FORLORN ISLAND

By EDISON MARSHALL

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SYNOPSIS

With his yacht, the Intrepid, practically abandoned by its crew, Felix Horton, millionaire, sailing with his mother, his daughter Nan, and Roy Stuart, puts into Squaw Harbor, Alaska, to recruit. Failing to secure sailors, Horton engages a bunch of nondescripts stranded there. A gigantic Pole called Sandomar, deaf but not dumb, is their leader. At the request of Captain Waymire, the Intrepid's skipper, an old friend, Eric Ericssen, holding master's papers, but unemployed, engages to sail as chief officer. Horton is seeking uncharted islands of which he has heard. Nan, attracted by Eric's quiet strength, indulges in a moonlight flirtation, which brings them both to the threshold of interest in each other, if not of love. The Intrepid is deliberately wrecked by one of Sandomar's crowd.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—3—

"Stand back. The passengers get off first. I'll kill the first man that raises his hand." As he spoke, Waymire drew a heavy revolver and leveled it at Swede's breast.

Waymire meant what he said. Not only Swede, but at least one more would fall before they could silence the gun, and every man knew that he might be that one. They drew back, snarling.

There was only a brief pause. The tempo of events seemed to be immeasurably quickened. Suddenly this drama in the dawn took a new turn. A small bearded figure appeared at the companionway. It was Stronsky—and he was waving his arms.

"I did it—I," Stronsky was yelling. "The ship's sinking, and I did it. I tell you it's so. They won't look down on me any more. The water's rushing in, and I did it, me myself."

He stopped by the rail. Eric would never forget his bulging eyes. "Hurray for the Union of the Soviet Republics!" he shrieked. It seemed like a crazy nightmare, but there he was, in the clear dawn, a very real and terribly comic figure. "Hurray for the Working Men's Committees! Hurray for Stalin! Down with the master class. Down with their million dollar playthings! I myself did it all!"

Then to cap the climax of this fantastic interlude, the little man climbed up the rail, held on a moment with twisted legs, waved his arms in triumph, and then, as though he were avenging himself on his enemies, awkwardly jumped overboard. Awed, vaguely nauseated, Eric peered after him, but he had already disappeared, and the sea drowned his voice.

The sight seemed to stupefy Sandomar's men. Nothing seemed worth fighting for, even life, everything seemed a hideous jest. When Waymire ordered them to take their positions at the davits, Swede, the two Smiths and Cooky came dazedly forward.

At the skipper's command, Horton's party began to scramble in the boat. Mother Horton seemed spry as a girl; pale but calm. Nan took the seat beside her, and Marie Chambon, crying softly, cowered at her feet. Roy took a place where he could handle oars.

Meanwhile Horton stood back, his jowls darkly flushed. When Waymire ordered him to hurry, he whirled in a fury. "This is an outrage! I won't stand it!"

The time for half-way measures had gone by. It was the owner of the ship who spoke, but it was the captain who answered. "Get in that boat, or we'll throw you in," the old skipper rasped.

"I refuse. It's a false alarm—"

"You old fool, don't you know she's going down in ten minutes?" Waymire half pushed, half hurled the irate millionaire into the boat.

Reaching for his hand, Nan drew him onto the thwart. His face turned ashen and his eyes glazed as he glanced toward the settling stern. He and Stronsky had something in common, after all; they were both the butts of a sardonic jesting fate.

The boat, though the best of the three, was small, and would hold only nine.

"Get it there, Ericssen, and take command."

Eric glanced toward the island. The waves were not yet invincible; strong rowers in a seaworthy boat could win to the shelter of the cape. "Send Skinner," he protested rapidly. "Let me stay and help you. Anyway, I want to go below and look around for Ferguson."

"Ferguson's dead—murdered or drowned. Get in that boat, I'm the master of this ship."

Eric took his place; Skinner and some of Sandomar's gang began to lower the boat.

When it was almost out of reach, Waymire leaned over and dropped something heavy at Eric's feet. To his amazement, he saw that it was a pearl-handled single-action revolver, the same that the skipper had brandished a few minutes before.

Helping with the lines, Eric let the revolver lie. Presently they were adrift and pulling manfully toward the shelter of the cape. The boat was well trimmed; their own danger seemed passed. There would be discomfort, many days' tedious delay, but the Aleuts would surely aid them to safety and rescue. Unless all signs failed, their party would soon break up. Nan would return to her own world, where the wreck of the Intrepid would be no more than a lively tale to tell over gleaming liquor glasses; and her duel with Eric only a haunting memory on moonlit nights. Roy Stuart would be her mate—having and holding her supple body and bright soul—and out of his shipwreck might come a monograph on Aleut culture! The blow to Horton's arrogance would soon heal. He would build a bigger, better yacht, not to be menaced by any gale that blows. Eric himself would keep his own ways and go down to the sea in ships.

But Eric had forgotten the old North, ever new. It is not common earth, but a brooding spirit. The adventure had not ended, but had only begun.

Marie Chambon, the French maid, suddenly uttered a shrill cry. Eric whirled, shaken; white as the foam, she was pointing to the deck of the doomed ship. In the clear morning light he beheld a scene that would not only plague his dreams for months and years, but might change the whole current of his life.

Apparently Sandomar's gang had seized the only other seaworthy boat and had started to launch it aft, when one of the Filipinos had tried to join their number. There was no room for him but instead of kicking him away, Cooky, the poor white, had struck him down with an iron pin. It was this blow that Marie had seen.

He had tried to get up; Waymire and Skinner had sped to his rescue; and now the pack turned in a frenzy. It was the old skipper's last fight—the gamest and the shortest Eric had ever seen—but it could not win. Neither Waymire nor his loyal steward had weapons; the four assassins swung capstan bars, iron pins, and a knife that made little lightnings across the waves.

Skinner was the first to go down, bludgeoned by Swede. The Filipino boy now tried to get up, but Big Smith finished him with a short, vicious slash of his knife. He did not know that he was thus killing three birds with one stone. The sight broke the faint hearts of the two remaining Filipinos, cowering forward. One of them ran and leaped overboard; the other ducked down the companionway and was not seen again.

The scarlet pool began to spread on the listing deck, but the pack showed no mercy. They had gone too far to stop now. They must leave no eye-witnesses to their shame; and they never dreamed that a boatload was watching them from the bay. For a few brief seconds, perhaps five, possibly ten, Eric and his castaways forgot their own peril as they watched the gray skipper battling like an old bull moose, ringed by the wolves in the snow.

It was Sandomar himself who finished the orgy of blood. His gorilla arm raised, brandishing an iron bar, then chopped down. Now there were three dead on the tilted deck. Dropping their weapons, the wolves rushed over them to join their fellows.

With their help, the second boat was launched. Presently they had all jumped aboard and were pulling for the bay.

It was only a moment later that the Intrepid began to reel and keel over. The spray shot high, and the

"Get in That Boat, or We'll Throw You In," the Old Skipper Rasped.

breakers roared as the seas and the wind rushed free over her grave.

"Oh, it's monstrous—unbelievable," Horton was saying. "Six—seven lives lost—and half a million—more than half a million dollars swallowed up like that! And what will happen now!"

No one tried to answer. Each of his hearers was asking a similar question of his own soul. But Eric rested his oar while he reached and laid a steely hand on the thick forearm of De Valera, rowing at the next lock.

"Have you got that gun?" Eric spoke quietly, but De Valera heard him plainly.

The dark Irishman stole one quick glance into Eric's eyes. "It's between my feet, on the floor."

Eric started to speak again; but closing his lips in a tight seam, he groped for the weapon and thrust it safely under his coat.

CHAPTER IV

—

WHEN Eric and his castaways won the harbor, a dozen of the islanders put out a skin bidarka to meet them. Lost in dark thoughts, Eric gazed at them with dull, tired eyes. At first glance they seemed just typical Aleuts, more like Mongols than Indians, known to him since childhood.

But presently his glance sharpened. Why weren't they jabbering in pleased excitement over what must be a rare occurrence in their lonely lives; what had awed them so? Moreover, they rose uniformly taller than any Aleuts Eric knew—big active men, worthy descendants of the parent stock that must have beat eastward into unknown seas from some lost Asiatic birthplace centuries before. There was something strange in the picture that for a moment Eric could not grasp. It had to do with their swarthy, slant-eyed faces. . . .

Presently he found it. Eleven of the dozen men in the bidarka looked incredibly alike! There were differences of age and weight, but otherwise they seemed so many peas in a pod. The single exception was a short, broad-shouldered old man squatting in the stern.

To Eric this singular fact had no special meaning. To Roy, equally keen of eye and deeper of mind, it was like a dark prophecy. The wind blew his low-voiced comment to Eric's ears.

"Horton, those fellows look like pigs of the same litter. Do you know what that means? It means they're all inbred. There hasn't been any fresh blood in this island for a cursed long time."

Landing was soon made on the bleak, rocky shore. A group of awed-looking elders, boys, and squaws pulled up the lifeboat; the braves beached nearby and stood staring. Eric faced them and spoke crisply:

"Can any of you speak English?"

Mostly they continued to stare, in awed silence, but a squaw turned eagerly to one of the bidarka crew, now watching Sandomar's boat beat through the white caps. "Chechaquo," she called in guttural tones.

Eric pricked up his ears. This word, originally Chinook, was used all over Alaska to mean newcomer. He was not surprised to see the man addressed was the foreign-looking Aleut he had noticed before. Eric repeated his question.

"Me talk English fine," was the old man's boast.

To Eric this was merely a stroke of luck, but long-headed Roy seemed deeply and strangely gratified. It was as though the answer had some deep meaning for him.

"These women are cold and wet. Tell the squaws to take them to the nearest barabara."

Chechaquo turned to the native woman and spoke in Aleut. They nodded, smiling, and beckoned to these strange white sisters from afar.

A turf-house with a smoking chimney stood only thirty yards away, so Mother Horton did not hesitate to take her shivering old body to the fire. Nan and Marie followed, guarded by Wilcox. Soon the leaders were alone; Eric was free to seek the truth. Yet his heart was strangely faint; and he took a wide tack.

"They call you Chechaquo—newcomer. Where did you come from?"

The man pointed to the south. "Come from Ignak island, long time ago."

"Then the people go back and forth, from here to there?"

"No go. Never no go. And never Ignak people come. They not know island here." His black eyes seemed to film over. "Long, long time ago, when Chechaquo young, he go with hunters to kill whale. Twenty kayaks (covered canoes) put out from Ignak village. Big blow come up, we blow away, far, far against shoal. My kayak get through reefs, all the rest lost."

"But why did you stay here?" Eric's voice seemed to tremble a little. "Why didn't you go back to your own people?"

"No can get back. Rocks, current, plenty wind. When wind she no blow, big devil-wave he drown you, no let you get by." He shook his head sadly. "No, no go."

"They don't know any pass through the reefs?"

"No pass. Anyway, they got taboo. They no believe when I say plenty Aleuts live Ignak island. They think all other Aleuts dead long time ago. They no believe me Aleut too; no look like them. They say only death live there." Again he pointed to the south.

"How long since there's been a ship here?" Eric's words crackled.

The old Aleut looked dazed. "No ship ever come here. No ships get through reefs till you come, not know this island here. Long time ago, maybe—so Fireheart say. But old men, they never see ship before."

"I don't believe all that." It was Roy's voice, shaken a little, but strong. "He wouldn't have remembered English all these years; as soon as I heard him speak, I knew that he'd been talking it regularly."

"Fireheart, she make me remember," Chechaquo explained patiently. "I teach her white man's talk—she make me—she and me speak every day, so she no forget. No one else speak it—just Fireheart—Chechaquo."

"Then she must be a chechaquo, too?"

"She what you call priest, woman priest. Long time ago, before old men's fathers ever born, when big whale he little fish, holy man come here from setting sun." He pointed toward Siberia. "He say—no worship devil, worship God, build church, like on Ignak island. He no can go, like me, so he marry Aleut woman. Fireheart, she his seed, so she holy, too. She know secrets, make medicine. Little drop white blood in her yet, so she think, talk, wonder about white man's country. She like talk white man's talk, make her feel proud."

Horton, dully staring, passed his hand dazedly over his eyes, shivered, and stepped forward. "It's just a matter of inducing some of the natives here to go through our strait and bring help, isn't it?" he asked.

"Possibly, if they could go direct from deep water into the strait, and not have to hunt through the reefs and shoals. But if they don't know where it is, how can we tell them? Do you remember those compass bearings, lost with the log? I don't."

"I don't, of course, but they could find it somehow. I can get 'em to go. I'll pay 'em anything they want."

"Pay?" Chechaquo echoed the word in wonder. "You mean money?"

"Of course. All they ask."

"They no want money. People here not know what money means. I tell 'em, they just laugh. You no fight taboo with money. He no good here."

Yes, for the first time in Horton's life, the little leather-backed god in his pocket was impotent. Suddenly he looked gray and old. He could not be counted on greatly, in the stern trials to come.

By now Sandomar's gang had landed two hundred yards down the beach, but remained sullenly apart. They had mutinied and shed blood on the high seas—forever they were beyond the pale—and even on this lost isle, the shame could not be forgotten. Already Eric believed that the die was cast for war. With eyes indrawn and grim he watched Petroff, the little Russian, edge away and saunter down the beach to join his fellows.

But Eric found a cheerful word for the bewildered millionaire beside him. "We'll get out of here somehow, Horton. Now let's go to the fire, and say nothing to the others until we can get all the facts."

"I've got enough of 'em already," Roy said coolly. "Why not face them? We're marooned here for months, years, possibly all our lives. The coast guard will look for us, but they'll never penetrate this shoal; the Intrepid is just another ship lost with all hands."

"But didn't you leave word where you were heading?"

"It was a great secret!" Roy smiled bitterly. "How I guarded that precious diary! But as you say, we won't break it to the others until we have to."

They found Wilcox, Mother Horton, and the two girls crouching before the stone hearth in the half-lighted turf house. The fire was of driftwood, hissing and smoking. The only furnishings in the hut were fur sleeping robes, a few wooden dishes, pokes of oil and supplies, and primitive weapons and tools to wrest a living from the bleak tundra and desolate sea. But the squaws were smiling, gesturing, and extending every hospitality they knew.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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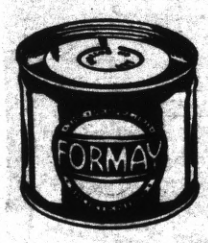

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Bad Auto Crash In Point Richmond

A severe automobile accident occurred at the intersection of Garrard and Cutting Boulevards last Friday night when a loaded tank truck crashed into a light coupe in which three youths from Berkeley were riding. The driver of the truck explained that just before the crash two boys on bicycles swerved in front of him, and in order to miss the boys, his truck crashed into the other ma- While the Progress is not out to hold up traffic, it appears to us that in the interests of safety it

Frank A. Moitoza Passes Away

Old Timers at the "Point" will note with regret the death of Franw A. Moitoza who passed away last Saturday night after a heart attack while talking to a friend on the street.

The first constable of Richmond township, after its creation out of the old San Pablo township, Frank Moitoza numbered a host of friends among whom the Progress is pleased to have been numbered. For many years he had conducted a real estate office on Twelfth St.

Richmond Funeral Parlor had charge of the obsequies. Log Cabin Camp of the Woodmen of the World conducted services, and interment was at the Sunset View Cemetery.

Talking with Jimmy Britt at the picnic the other day, ye editor was reminded that 200 years ago in Ireland, the great warriors, Britt, from which we are both descended, had their surnamed placed on the Irish money. "Brittania may rule the waves, but Britt appears on the money!" Don't know about you, Jimmy, but we wish this editor had more of it now!

After the council meeting Wednesday night one of our many subscribers came to us and stated with superlative emphasis: "Well, Burt, to think that after eight years—when our daily papers have never raised their voices—you come along with your little postage stamp paper and now, after five months, it looks as if the people are going to be taken into confidence on the Parr lease. It's wonderful!"

✦ ✦ ✦

Thanks, F———, if, as seems probable, our present council is going to analyze the harbor situation thoroughly, we hope, as you do that only the right action will be taken. Remember this—the responsibility is with the COUNCIL—it would be easy to pack the Council Chamber with a couple of hundred voters for or against any issue; but, when our council voted this lease, and when, as, and if, they again consider it fundamentally, the council alone is responsible to the 20,000 residents of our city, and cannot shift any praise or blame onto those who happen to be in the audience.

✦ ✦ ✦

Nevertheless, F———, you and hundreds of other taxpayers should be in attendance at all council meetings for some time to come.

WANT AD RATES, Each 25c
Three issues for 50c

FOR SALE

Wood, eucalyptus, $14.00 cord, delivered. Phone 3455.

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Six room house for rent, with basement and garage, 54 Idaho. Phone 345.

FOR SALE—Six room house on a large lot. Imagine this for a buy at $550, with easy terms. Won't last long. SEE

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Insurance Notary Real Estate
210 W. Richmond Ave. Ph. R. 2322

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For rent, 2 room apt., completely furnished, including lights, gas and water. $12 per month. 107 W. Richmond Ave., The Point

Glass Contained

The care with which this milk is prepared—the sanitary glass containers are your safeguard. Pure perfectly pasteurized, wholesome, our milk is of uniform quality.

KLEEN KAPS on AMERCAN MILK

American Creamery Co.

262 5th St. Phone Rich 362 Store 718 Macdonald Ave.

Mrs. Daisy Jenkins, Stanley Jankins, and Bliss Bothers and family are enjoying a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Our good subscriber, Dan Nozilia, has returned from a very pleasant visit in Calaveras County, home of Mark Twain's famous "Jumping Frog."

Patronize Home Industry

Always ask for BLUE RIBBON BREAD—At your Grocers and at our Bakery. Made in Point Richmond. Bring 15 Wrappers to Stores or Bakery and get One Loaf FREE.

Martens Bakery

1 Park Place Home of Blue Ribbon Bread

Alfred Matteucci with his uncle Louis Matteucci and Cousin Eugene Bennetti spent the week-end at the Russian River.

Mrs. George Schramm, West Richmond Avenue, entertained last week with one of the most enjoyable parties of the entire year. Every one of the large crowd which attended voted a splendid evening.

The Point Daily Vacation Bible School held its closing session at the Baptist Church last Friday. Parents and children attended the program and witnessed the display of work which had been accomplished during the three weeks of this year, which is one of the most successful schools ever held in Point Richmond.

WILSON & KRATZER

The Funeral Home

Bissell Avenue at Seventh Street

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Bring Your Clothes to DON WILLIAMS

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The C. O. D. CLEANERS

Excellent Workmanship, Courteous Service.

Phone Richmond 940

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PHONE RICHMOND 1160
Richmond Steam Baths and Massage
235 SIXTH STREET
Man Attendant: Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun.
Lady Attendant: Tues. & Thurs

The good job which our street department is doing in oiling the roads on the West Side is noted with pleasure. Lest any should feel that the West Side is getting more than is coming to us on the streets, we serve notice that we have the figures for many years past which show that Point Richmond taxes have paid a lot more money into the streets than has ever been allotted to us here. May publish these figures, anyway.

Florist Telegraph Delivery
Now at our new location:
CARQUINEZ FLOWER SHOP
1109 Macdonald Ave.
Phone R. 186
"Say It With Flowers"

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace R. Spiersch and daughter are vacationing with Mrs. Mary Moyle at Cazadero.

Miss Bena Salle will entertain the members of the Alpha Zeta Phi sorority at her home on West Richmond Avenue on July 15th. chine before he was aware of it. Plans for the reunion of the 1932 June Class of the Richmond Union High School will be discussed. Miss Anita Chasseur, the presi-

Mrs. Sidney H. Gnaga, Sr., is now visiting on a two months sojourn in the eastern states. She intends to visit with her mother in Birmingham, Alabama, and will stop at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago on her way home, sometime in November.

Forest Simoni, of the Parr Terminal Company, left Monday night for his vacation at the Chiago Century of Progress Exposition. While there he will join with Postmaster and Mrs. John A. Miller who are spending their vacation in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McMinnamen enjoyed a pleasant vacation at Guernewood.

AMERICAN HEROINES

By LOUISE M. COMSTOCK

"Grammy" Brown

A MINISTER'S wife was "Grammy" Brown, one at least whose life of unflagging devotion and sacrifice has not been left unsung.

When her husband, the Reverend Ivory Brown of Brownsfield, Maine, enlisted in the Union army at the beginning of the Civil war, his wife Mary was determined to accompany him. Her services were kindly but firmly refused at the recruiting offices. Thereupon she walked with determination into headquarters, took off her hat and coat, and set about mothering the raw recruits there gathered to await marching orders. And when her husband's regiment, Company M, Thirty-first Maine Volunteers, left for the front, Mrs. Brown somehow or other managed to go along, "just as I intended to from the very first," she later boasted.

"There was plenty of reason to believe a kind Providence had guided my footsteps," she said many years later. "I found a great deal to do and heard no complaints about having a woman around! I washed, cooked, sewed, ironed, tidied up, and nursed for officers and men alike, and I was fully repaid in the ardent appreciation of all those good men."

But Mrs. Brown was not satisfied with service behind the lines. "When my husband was on picket duty," she said, "I took his place in the ranks and I have stood many and many a night with my eighty rounds of bullets, all of which I fired at the enemy. Again I did my turn at picket duty when my husband was in the ranks. Following an engagement I had walked among two hundred dead, sick and wounded soldiers, doing all I could to comfort them and ease their suffering."

Mrs. Brown would also tell of the meetings she and her husband held in the camps and in the ranks. He was the preacher and I assisted him, she said. He had many converts.

At one time this remarkable woman cared for fifteen men at one time in the field hospital at Burchville station, never leaving them except when she took short periods of sleep. And when her husband was wounded, she accompanied him to the hospital in Washington.

To all the soldiers she knew, Mrs. Brown related with pride, she was known as Mother Brown. The years did not bring her children of her own, but apparently held her unchanged in her self-imposed task of service, for her friends in her later days always knew her as "Grammy," "Grammy" Brown.

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PARIS STYLES

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Just off the steamer are these two Schiaparelli models. Their simple, conservative styling gives them distinction. Interest also centers about the materials of which they are fashioned, for fabrics are always important in this versatile couturier's collections. The evening gown is made of a bright blue lacquered net which is not only wonderfully good looking for summer wear, but is ideally cool. The clever handling of a single broad strap over one shoulder with a tiny cape sleeve over the other is intriguing. The sports dress is of white artificial canvas, a new material which has created a sensation. The belt is of brown and white luster ribbon.

MONEY! HUH?

"Have you heard that chorus girl sing?"

"I understand she made her manager shed tears as he listened."

"She wasn't singing then, she was telling him about her salary expectations."

India's Insect Soldiers Fight With Their Noses

New species of insect soldiers from India that fight with their "noses" have been described from the collections of the Smithsonian institution by a termite specialist of the bureau of entomology.

Most of the termite families produce a special soldier class, the members of which differ radically in structure from their nest mates and have no other function except fighting.

In some of the species found by Dr. Snyder these fighters have a protrusion on the front of the head which looks like a long nose but which actually is developed from a primitive third eye and from which a sticky acid is exuded. In rare instances it may be thrown for a short distance—an inch or less.

These soldiers, belonging to the highly specialized genus of Nasutitermea, fight battles to the death with warlike ants which invade their nests and which, although the appearance is very similar, are not even remotely related to them.

In these battles the termite soldier rams with his noselike organ the so-called "pedicle" of the ant, the narrowest part of its body, smearing it with the liquid. The ant is rendered helpless.

This liquid is a powerful acid, but is not the well-known formic acide exuded by ants. It is possessed in specialized form only by the soldier caste.

One Soap is all you need for Toilet Bath Shampoo

Keep your complexion free of blemishes, your skin clear, soft, smooth and white, your hair silky and glistening, your entire body refreshed.

Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Contains 35½% Pure Sulphur. At Druggists

Rubbaud's Styptic Cotton, 25c

TRICKS of MAGIC EXPLAINED by Will L. Lindhorst

HOW TO MAKE ONE MATCH PASS THROUGH ANOTHER

Hold two matches, one in each hand, with the head between the index and middle finger and the tail pressed against the thumb. Bring the matches together, crosswise to each other, and as you do so release the thumb of one hand, making a tiny gap through which the other match passes. With a little practice this can be done quickly and it looks to the bystanders as though one match actually passes through the other. The large or phosphorus type of match should be used.

(Copyright, Will L. Lindhorst.) WNU Service.

CHILDREN'S STORY

—By THORNTON W. BURGESS

PETER IS REMINDED OF AN OLD FRIEND

WHEN Peter Rabbit reached the dear Old Brier Patch he had a lot to tell Mrs. Peter. He was so full of all he had learned about Short-Tail the Shrew that he just had to tell some one, and the only one about was little Mrs. Peter. She listened patiently, for in most matters little Mrs. Peter is the most patient person.

"And to think that he has been a close neighbor all this time and I didn't know a thing about him!" ended Peter.

"Huh!" replied little Mrs. Peter, "I don't see anything surprising about that. There are more things you don't know about, and never will know about, Peter Rabbit, than ever you have heard or dreamed of. That is why it is so silly of you to think you know all there is to know."

Peter pretended not to hear, and continued to think about Short-Tail the Shrew. "He isn't a Mole and he isn't a Mouse: he is sort of halfway between the two," thought Peter. "He spends a lot of time under ground like Miner the Mole, and that is why his eyes are not much bigger or better than Miner's. At the same time he is quick on his feet like a Mouse and does a lot of hunting on top of the ground as well as under it. He isn't either Mole or Mouse, but is like both. That musky smell certainly is unpleasant. I don't wonder Reddy Fox turned up his nose. Speaking of musk reminds me that I haven't seen Jerry Muskrat for ever so long. I think I'll run over to the Smiling Pool this evening and see what the news is there."

Peter hadn't intended to say this aloud, but he did. It is a way he sometimes has of talking to himself.

"The best thing for you to do is to stay at home where you belong," declared little Mrs. Peter rather sharply. "I should think you would want to stay at home once in a while."

Peter looked a little sheepish, but said nothing. When jolly, round, red Mr. Sun slipped down behind the Purple Hills to go to bed, Peter watched the Black Shadows creep out across the Green Meadows and then started for the Smiling Pool. He knew that at this time of day he would be almost sure to find Jerry Muskrat, for it is the time of day when Jerry loves to swim about and go visiting.

Nor was Peter disappointed. Jerry was just climbing out on the Big Rock and in his mouth was a mussel, which is what some people call a fresh water clam. Peter knew better than to ask any questions until Jerry had finished his feast. If Jerry knew that Peter was there, he made no sign. Very deliberately he opened the mussel and ate it, dropping the shell in the water. When he had finished smacking his lips he looked over to where Peter sat on the bank.

"Good evening, Peter," said he. "You are quite a stranger. Have you come over to help me build a new house?"

"Have I what?" cried Peter.

"Have you come over to help me build a new house?" repeated Jerry. Then he chuckled at his own joke, for he knows just what a lazy fellow Peter Rabbit is.

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Larger Lense, More Stars

A telescope 40 inches in diamater reveals about 100,000,000 stars.

Face a Sight with Painful Eruptions

Healed by Cuticura

"I was bothered with an eruption on my face that started as pimples with white centers. They were in blotches about as big as a nickel and had flaky crusts on them. They were painful and I spent some miserable nights. The skin was inflamed and my face was a terrible sight.

"I had several treatments but could get no relief, and the trouble lasted about three years before I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. At the end of two weeks the eruptions were growing smaller and in three weeks I was healed altogether." (Signed) L. W. Cushman, Warrenville, Conn.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

WNU—12 27—33

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair 60c and $1.00 at Druggists. Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

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Ladies unattended will be delighted with our quiet home-like atmosphere

200 Rooms—200 Baths

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*EVENING CONCERTS

Ask for illustrated vacation folders—your travel agent or the Yosemite Park and Curry Co., Yosemite National Park, California.

YOSEMITE

San Francisco's Newest AND MOST MODERN Downtown Hotel!

600 Outside Rooms
223 rooms at $3.50
179 rooms at $4.00
198 rooms at $4.50
and up

Unusually Attractive Rates to Permanent Guests!

Hotel Sir Francis Drake—just off Union Square—most convenient to theaters, shops, stores, business and financial district.

Only California hotel offering Servidor feature—thus enabling you to combine "maximum privacy with minimum tipping".

All rooms in the Tower with Western exposure have ultra-violet-ray (sun-bath) windows.

In every room—connection for radio reception, running filtered ice water, both tub and shower.

Dinner in Coffee Shop from 75¢ up—in Main Dining Room from $1.25 up. Also a la carte service.

Private garage in basement of hotel building with direct elevator service to Lobby and all guest-room floors!

Hotel SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Powell Street at Sutter - San Francisco

Prints Triumph Anew for Summer

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

NEVER such a season for prints as this! To add to their glory they are taking on simply ravishing touches of colorful velvet trimmings or else they are fur-bordered, which adds elegance supreme.

The floral patternings of the newest prints are gorgeous beyond description. So outstanding are the florals silhouetted against their backgrounds it would almost seem as if they had been painted by an artist with strokes deft and sure.

If we were to employ all the adjectives at our command we would still feel we had failed to do justice to the beauty of this season's prints and so with the thought that pictures speak more eloquently than words we are referring you to the illustration herewith.

The stunning costume centered in the group is a study in white and black. It is a Worth creation. The dress is fashioned of a superb white and black print. These line effects are the "last word" in prints. In interpreting the mode at its best Worth makes a decorative play on velvet, using shirred black velvet for the girdle with white mat velvet for the three-quarter coat, the gloves and bag offering a pleasant diversion in that they are formed of fine ribbed white velvet. The pleated shoulder line of this enchanting velvet wrap is a touch of genius.

For bizarre and exotic coloring we refer you to the striking costume to the right in the picture. There is nothing smarter this season for daytime wear than a jacket suit all of gay print. They range from simplest types to magnificent affairs such as the model shown here. The outstanding note about this handsome print is that its gay flowers, which are a riot in colors, are printed on a dusky red background, which leads us to say that latest reports from Paris declare that the very newest prints trend to reddish hues. The coat is edged with blue fox which gives it infinite chic. The swanky little hat is of brown cire. These cired fabrics, ribbons and laces, are very prominent in the realm of millinery materials.

In the exceedingly clever black and white taffeta afternoon costume pictured to the left, which also comes from the house of Worth, we again see the magic of velvet as it appears on the summer style program in the trimming and an accessory role. The collar, the jabot and the top of the gloves, likewise the jaunty beret which milady wears, are of black velvet. The pleated foundation, the tunic lines and the wide-draped puff sleeves are style points of special significance.

It is surprising how many smart Parisiennes are wearing little velvet hats right in the summertime. Accessory sets which include scarf, gloves (the latest is velvet mitts), bag, sometimes adding a belt and shoes, should be part of every well-ordered wardrobe. Then, too, a collection of velvet bows and girdles will not come amiss, as they may be called upon at any time to embrace this or that summery frock.

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What Milady Is Wearing

Jewelry which repeats the colors of the costume is smartly exemplified in the simulated ruby and rhinestone ensemble worn with a white and red crepe evening dress.

FLASHES FROM PARIS

Suits are important.

Skirts fit close to the knee and then widen.

Wing effects over shoulders replace sleeves.

Worth endorses plaid taffeta daytime frocks.

Tremendously large hats appear in summer showings.

Morocain afternoon dresses have long tight sleeves and high throat.

Latest for fancy separate capelets is short in front sloping to long in the back.

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

FORGIVENESS AS A DAILY NECESSITY

"ANY man or woman who does not take for granted the daily necessity for forgiveness is not very likely to make a success of modern life."

The author of these words was talking about modern life. But it is not only in modern life that the necessity for forgiveness has been recognized. It is two hundred years since Pope said, "To err is human, to forgive divine."

"The daily necessity for forgiveness."

If you do not have it you are going to be a sad, but only as you grow older, a wiser person.

The woman who does not have a faculty for forgiveness in her daily contact will have few friends. For the oversight, the neglect, the offense of which few friendships are entirely free will loom so large in her eyes as to rear an ugly barrier between her and her friend. It is only by forgiveness that friendship is kept sweet and green—forgiveness makes possible concentrating on the charms and graces and fine qualities of our friends rather than on their shortcomings.

Without the willingness to forgive, and—important—the understanding that brings forgiveness, we are doomed to a life of disappointments and disillusionment. Few human beings, including our best beloved, always live up to precisely what we expect of them. On the other hand, do we ourselves never hurt, never disappoint? It is good humored understanding of the daily necessity for forgiveness, a cheerful acceptance of the imperfections of humans, as we hope to find for our own imperfections, that brings the hurts quick, healthy healing and prevents the festering of bitterness.

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"EEL GRAY" TONE IS LATEST SHOE COLOR

Schiaparelli's "eel gray" has been adopted by the shoe world.

Fashion mongers believe that it will be the high style shoe gray of fall and winter. It will make a shoe that can be worn with all other lighter tones of gray, with navy, red and even black or brown. A problem thus has been solved for the bootmakers.

Another important kid leather shoe color is to be "taupe" for fall. As its name indicates it is the shade of the little field mole, a brown with just sufficient gray to conform to the gray vogue.

Predictions for the future include a new "faun brown" as splendid for combinations. It should harmonize with all the browns on the fashion bill of fare, and it is very smart combined with black kid—in the latest half and half type of shoe.

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Mother's Cook Book

COOKIES AND CAKES

DESSERTS, cakes and cookies which may be made, put into the ice chest and baked the next day or a few baked during a period of several days will give the family fresh, delightful food at a small cost of time.

—

Ice Box Cookies.

Boil two and two-thirds cups of sugar, one-third cup of maple sirup and one-half cup of butter; cool, add one beaten egg, two teaspoons of vanilla, four cups of pastry flour, four teaspoons of baking powder sifted several times with the flour to blend it, one teaspoon of salt, one cup of chopped nuts. Mix and make into rolls, lay on a cloth and place in the ice box. Cut and bake as many as are needed for the day. Remove them at once when baked or they will stick to the pan.

—

Delicate White Cake.

This is a recipe which makes a loaf or a two-layer cake, always fine-grained and tender of crumb. Take two cups of sifted pastry flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of milk, one teaspoon of vanilla and three egg whites beaten stiff. Cream the butter, add the sugar, then the flour well sifted with the baking powder alternately with the milk. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites at the last with the flavoring. Bake one hour if in a loaf, or 20 to 25 minutes if in layer tins.

—

Angel Food.

Sift one cup of pastry flour three times with one-eighth of a teaspoon of cream of tartar. Measure one cup of egg whites and one cup of sugar. Add a pinch of salt to the egg white and one-eighth of a teaspoon of cream of tartar, beat them until stiff but not dry, add the sugar, a very little at a time, flavor with a teaspoon of vanilla and fold in the sifted flour and cream of tartar in the same way. Pour into an ungreased tube pan, place in a slow oven and bake at least an hour and a half. The secret of the texture and tenderness of the cake is in the baking. When baked it should be light and almost like an omelet in tenderness.

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SHEPHERDESS HAT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Here is one of the very latest models in wide-brimmed hats. It is one of the very new shepherdess shapes. You will observe that the crown is very shallow and that it is not pulled down to fit the head like a cap as we have been in the habit of doing. Also the brim dips over one eye, which is a characteristic feature of this season's models. It is well to take note of these details in selecting your midsummer chapeau. The model pictured is banded with colored novelty ribbon. Paris milliners are using quantities of fancy ribbons just now.

HOLD FAST

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WITHIN a pasture lot one day,
Where I had gone to ketch a colt,
I let the critter git away—
Let go to git a better holt.
And then I stood and blamed the beast,
Like people will, got good and mad,
Because it took an hour at least
To git again the holt I had.

Yet in that pasture, it appears,
I learnt a lesson, learnt a lot:
I don't let go, in later years,
Until a better holt I got.
Hold fast, the Scriptures say, to good,
Until some other thing you know
Will turn out like you thought it would,
Of what you got don't quite let go.

If I had held him by the mane
Until I got his halter on—
I guess the lesson's purty plain,
With either job or money gone.
For lots of things can go astray
About the same as horses bolt,
So don't let go—not, anyway,
Until you got a better holt.

©, 1933, Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

Do You Know—

That Mrs. Harry Sproule of Los Angeles has the amazing collection of nearly 30,000 picture postcards. She has been collecting them for over twenty years and has cards from all sorts of remote places neatly catalogued in books, according to the countries from which they came.

© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service

Traveling Modes Simple for Summer Vacationist

There was a time when the average traveler looked like she was starting out for musket drill—what with umbrella, carpet-bag, overshoes and box lunch, not to mention smelling salts for train sickness.

Now one's walking shoes can "take it," which dispenses with the rubbers, and the topcoat is cravanetted, which throws a wrench into the umbrella's ubiquity.

The sophisticated traveler wears glove-silk underwear instead of carrying a five-pound flatiron, and she rings for a cooling drink rather than being silly enough to monkey with smelling salts, and lastly she prefers sparring with a couple of dresses and dozens of accessories, to 14 dresses and a litter of trunks.

Horizontal Hats Are Now Popular Fad for Women

Not your wildest oat, perhaps, but one of them—should be a big Merry Widow hat of bicycle days. They may be sailed like a picnic plate in play moments which offer relief from dull companions. These flattest-of-flat hats range anywhere from 10 inches across to about 22 and look completely society belles in rough straws or sheer straws with a daffy bunch of field flowers from the home-worked sofa-pillow period, perched starchily at some vantage point of the hat band.

Distinguished Native Princes

The title of prince of Wales originally distinguished the native princes of Wales.

POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

Issued every Friday from the office at
140 Washington Ave., Phone Richmond 3456
HARRY R. BURT, PUBLISHER
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Advertising copy must be in office by Wednesday noon
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The PROGRESS stands for:
1. Abolishing city council "star chamber" sessions.
2. Modification or annulment of the Parr lease.
3. Amendment of our present 1909 City Charter.

THE ONLY SURE THING

Shakespeare says that all of this life is but a stage, and we are but the poor players who strut and fret for our brief hour and then are heard no more.

It is usually the province of the pulpit rather than of the editorial column to remind us of the nearness of death; and yet, without being morbid, it isn't a bad plan for any of us to stand off from ourselves once in a while, and get a real perspective of our puny efforts when confronted with the only alternative that is as sure as taxes.

Where did we come from? Why are we here? To where will we go when we die? A triumvirate of questions to which no living mortal has the absolute answer. The Catholic says, "Well, Christ was God. If He is God, it must be so!" Followers of Confucius and Buddha say the same thing for themselves, with variations. Protestant believers say: "Some of it is right; but some is wrong." The agnostic says: "All of them are wrong. Reason tells me different." Where did he get his reasoning power?

It is all a mystery—no one knows absolutely but ONE thing; and that is that all of us human beings die once.

Consequently when we get all worked up on our various little, petty problems of this world; when it seems as if the stars would stand still unless the other fellow agrees with our own ideas; when, to us, is seems intolerable that anything should stand in the way of our attaining our particular objectives, whether it is running a successful card-party or guiding the destiny of a nation, let us remember that this old universe has been running, and will probably continue to run, for millions of years. That we exist here for a second of eternity only. Let us "be our age," and with "kindness for all, and malice for none" try to make the world a better place in which to live.

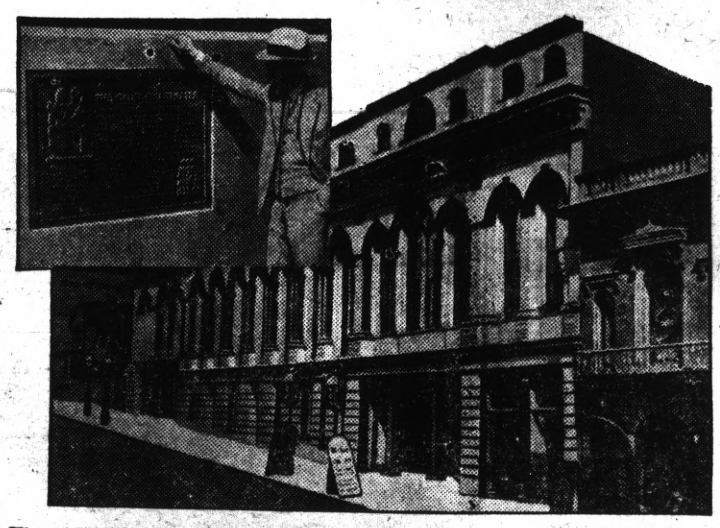
(COMMENTS ARE INVITED ON ALL EDITORIALS.)

Lighthouse Leaning for Years
Cape Romain lighthouse, one of the earliest on the South Carolina coast, has been leaning for more than 60 years.

Runners Slip Along
Horses can pull far heavier loads on runners over snow than on wheels.

U. S. Is Motor-Minded
Seventy-three per cent of all the motor cars in the world are owned in the United States.

Famous Actors and Actresses Played Where Operators Now Handle Calls



The old California Theater in San Francisco, built in 1869 and a brilliant center of the drama for 20 years. Inset shows the plaque marking the site of the theater, recently placed in the telephone building which now occupies the spot by the Commonwealth Club of California and the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. At the right is George Van Buren, long-time telephone employee, who as a young man frequently played as a "super" on the California's stage.

Grandchildren and great-grandchildren of red-shirted miners of '49 pause today before a San Francisco telephone building to read inscriptions on a bronze plaque, which tells the story of the famous California Theater, where their forebears saw many of America's most illustrious players tread the boards.

A gift to San Francisco from the Commonwealth Club of California and the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co., the recently unveiled plaque is mounted on the facade of the telephone company's 444 Bush street building, which stands on the site of the West's premier theater of the sixties. It was at the request of Miss Emelie Melville, actress in the California's first production, that the plaque was made. Miss Melville recently died in San Francisco.

The old California Theater, built by W. C. Ralston, at a cost of $125,000, was a San Francisco landmark, known to play-goers throughout the world. Ralston, one of the richest men of his time, also founded the Palace Hotel. He spared no expense in securing players for his new theater. His action in bringing the company for "Money," the play with which the theater was opened, from the East by special train aroused wonder even in the days of flowing gold.

One of several theaters for which San Francisco was famous, the California was the scene of many dramatic triumphs, such as "Monte Cristo," which brought in box office receipts of $30,000 in four weeks; "Richelieu," and "Julius Caesar." Among the artists who played at the California were Edwin Booth, Kate Castleton, Edwin Adams, John Brougham, Charles Couldock, Walter Montgomery, Adelaide Neilson, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, and Lotta Crabtree.

John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett, favorites of their day, were the first actor managers of the theater. They were succeeded by Barton Hill, who managed the playhouse for many years. In the 'eighties the old theater was succeeded by the New California Theater and Hotel, which stood until the great fire of 1906. The telephone building, one of the largest in San Francisco, was constructed in 1925.

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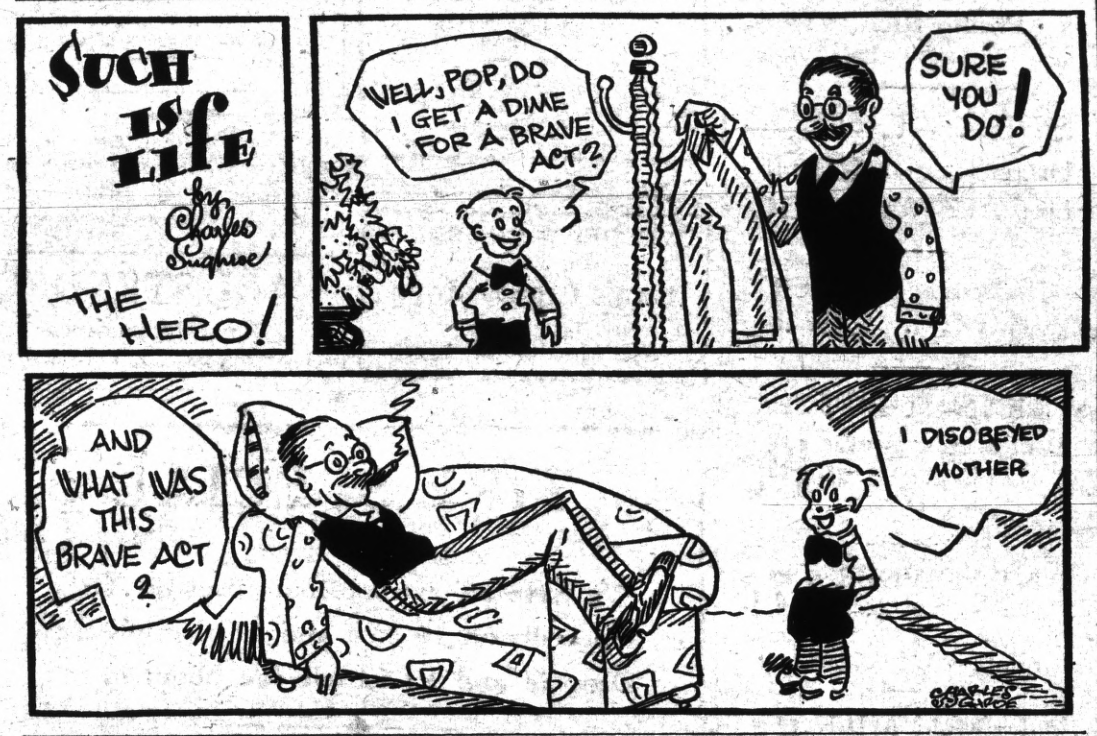
Too Persistent

SUCH IS LIFE

by Charles Sughroe



Along the Concrete

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode

WNU Service

Father Sage Says:

With a world full of hotels and rapid transportation as it is, "a man without a country" might not now mind it so much.

Large Supply of Seals

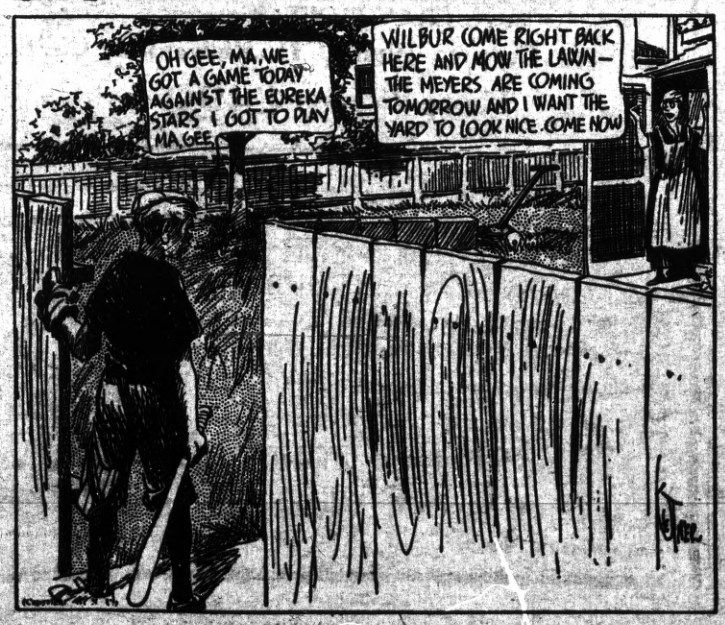
The seal herd at Pribilof islands, once threatened with extinction, has so increased under 21 years of protection that about 50,000 surplus three-year-old males are taken annually.

JUST THAT

Teacher—Henry, can you define a hypocrite?

Henry—Yessum, it's a kid wot comes to school wid a smile on his face.

Events in the Lives of Little Men



LIVES BY HER LAYS

"So your hen's a poet, you think?"

"To be sure she is—doesn't she live by her lays?"

Bee Sting for Rheumatism

That bee stings really are a remedy for rheumatism is recognized by two Vienna physicians, who prepare a synthetic and purified stinging fluid for artificially stinging the patient.

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Look about among your acquaintances at Age 65, and how many of them are dependent on friends, relatives or the public for a living. But you need not be. You can decide now what income you will have at Age 65, and make sure of getting it. An old age income policy in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will protect your family in event of your death in the meantime. The plan will be explained to you by

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TENNIS AT " THE POINT"

Nebo Chasseur, who later attended the University of California, became the first ranking player in Richmond. While he was at the University he played second man on the California Tennis Team. After college he gave up the game due to the lack of time.

Carl Peterson has been among the first five players of this city for the past eight years. He has studied the game from all angles, watching many of the international stars, studying his own, and reading numerous books on the game. His knowledge of tennis is shown by the fact that he has coached every player who now belongs in the top-flite of our community and also James Hurley and Phillip Carln. He is still playing active tennis and coaches, without pay, any player who shows talent. Later on he hopes to become a professional teacher of tennis.

Manner of Eating

All other creatures, except man, eat in much the same manner, with one eye on the food, and another on the rest of the world. Man alone manages to mix smiles with his dinner. He does this, first, because it is the custom; second, because it helps digestion; third, because it is fun, and fourth, because it stretches out the pleasant process to its ultimate length.

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About Patents

The terms "patent applied for" and "patent pending" have no effect in law, but are notices that an application has been filed in the patent office and that infringers are liable to prosecution when the patent has been issued.

Mrs. Dexa Thompson, and son, Doctor Louis Thompson, and grandson, Jack Rowden, are spending a vacation near Kyberg, Calif., at their mouutain home.

Angelfish Is Interesting

The angelfish is the most discerninging, the wisest and the most inquisitive of aquarium fishes, one who gives his human friends the most friendship per square inch of fish.

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Should Know His "Stuff"

"In order to lead," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "a man should be able not only to describe a desirable destination, but to produce a map, showing that he knows the way."

The Twenty-Thirty Club held a fine meeting last night at Hotel Colombo, on Standard Avenue. Good idea—why do not some of the other service clubs hold a meeting out here at the "Point" occasionally?

Egypt Blue No Longer Secret

The famous blue of ancient Egypt is no longer a secret of the dead. Modern chemists have analyzed it and duplicated it.

Reading to the Sick

Anyone who reads to a sick person, or convalescent, should begin gradually and rather read for too short a period than too long.

Leo Marcollo and Duke Evans are fishing in the Klamath River country.

Charles Ceridono and G. J. Allyn have returnel from the big Druids Convention at South San Francisco. They report a fine time and a successful convention

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